Trick or Treat Me by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Halloween rolls around again, and Danny gets treated with what may be one of the most memorable nights of his life...with a little unsuspected trickery involved.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters

Comments: 9

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Trick or Treat Me

Author's Note:

Spooktober special. Tee hee.
I hope to finish this before the end of the month. Fingers crossed...

First time writing in Danny's POV. There's this weird fear I have of unintentionally making him too OOC. I tried my best not to and retain how I think he would feel/react to situations not canon in the show (like getting literally fucked by his greatest enemy and being ok with it lol).

Thanks for reading!

“Man, this year’s candy stash is so lame. I got almost nothing but granola bars! I even took the time to map out the neighborhood with my PDA to see which houses had the highest chance of giving out chocolate, but not even *that* worked. What gives?”

“Maybe you’d get more candy if you actually wore a *real* costume, Tucker.”

“Sam, I appreciate the advice, but I don’t think that’s the issue here. The thick-framed glasses and big nose combo has *never* failed me before.”

“Until today.”

“Hmph. How’s yours lookin’ over there, Danny?”

Danny looked up from where he was sitting at the center of his bed, pile of granola bars laid out right in front of him. It’s a good thing he didn’t have as much of a sweet tooth as Tucker, or he’d be complaining too. “Honestly, Tuck, mine’s pretty much the same.”

Tucker unenthusiastically dropped a bar on his pile next to where he was sitting cross-legged on the floor. “Seriously? And you’re all dressed up as

Count Dracula or whatever. Dang, where's all the Halloween spirit gone to?"

Sam let out a sigh and sat down on the storage chest at the end of Danny's bed. "Don't you guys think you're both a little too old to be asking for candy anyway?"

Tucker scoffed. "No way. We're all fourteen years *young*. Besides, you're never too old for free candy."

"Well, the saying *is* 'trick or treat'. Maybe you just got hit with the 'trick' part of it. A lot," Sam said.

"So lame," Tucker groaned.

Danny gave his friend a sympathetic smile. "Sorry, Tucker. At least we were able to go out together. It's a good thing Mr. Lancer didn't end up giving me that one assignment after that thing that happened with Dash—huh?"

A cold wisp of air escaped through Danny's lips, followed by a strong shiver that rattled its way throughout his body. An over-familiar aura surrounded him soon after, making his skin tingle and causing the hair at the back of his neck to stand on end.

His heart skipped a beat.

"Danny?"

He blinked. Tucker and Sam were staring at him, each with one eyebrow raised. Uh oh.

"Oh, uhh…Actually, guys, I just remembered—" Danny hurriedly made his way to his closed bedroom door, where he pulled and held it open with a sheepish look on his face. "My dad gave me some chores to do down at the lab, and I was supposed to do them right after we were done trick-or-treating, so we're gonna have to cut this hangout a bit short."

"Oh. Like, cleaning stuff up? Want us to help?" Sam offered as she stood up.

“Yeah, maybe moving around a bit more will actually make me crave these things,” Tucker grumbled as he picked up his granola bars, putting them back in his pumpkin bucket.

Danny quickly shook his head. “Nah, it’s okay. I can handle it. And no offense, but I don’t think he trusts you guys all that much after that one incident that happened recently, so I’ll be in some serious trouble if he finds out I let you guys down there.”

Sam glowered at Tucker and crossed her arms. “Ugh, see, Tucker? I told you his dad wouldn’t forget so easily.”

“Hey, how was I supposed to know that ham in the fridge was for emergencies only?”

“Gee, I don’t know, maybe reading the big sign that said ‘For Emergencies Only’ right next to it would’ve given you a clue?”

“Oh, c’mon! I was starving that day! And how could *I* as a meat connoisseur ignore a perfectly glazed ham? Also, it’s not my fault *you* were in the same room when I started eating it.”

Sam rolled her eyes. “I was there trying to *stop* you.”

“Yeah, well, I told ‘em I was sorry,” Tucker mumbled.

“Whatever. See you at school, Danny,” Sam said as she left the room.

Tucker grabbed his bucket and followed Sam’s lead. “Later, dude. And sorry again about the ham.”

“Eh, no worries, Tuck. I think he’ll be over it by Thanksgiving anyway,” Danny said empathetically with a shrug.

“Cool. See ya tomorrow!” Tucker said with a smile as he walked past him.

“Yup. See you guys!”

Both friends left, and Danny couldn’t close his bedroom door fast enough. It locked with a click, and he fumbled with it for a bit, being *extra* cautious to make sure it wouldn’t budge. He turned to face his room, eyes landing on the pile of granola bars at the foot-end of his comforter, then on the suspicious looking indentation at the edge of his bed.

“Vlad, I know you’re sitting there,” Danny said, trying to hold down a smile. He didn’t do a very good job at sounding upset either.

“Ah, I’ve been found out, have I? You’re brighter than I thought, little badger.”

Danny snorted and leaned on one leg, crossing his arms. “Are you kidding? You were *so* obvious. You might as well have turned tangible right in front of me.”

A disembodied chuckle filled Danny’s room, and he watched as the dent evened out. By the next blink he saw Vlad Plasmius standing there next to his bed, and Danny couldn’t stop his heart from beating a little bit faster.

“Is that so? I’ll be more cautious the next time around, then.” Vlad smirked and hid his hands behind his back. “Good evening, Daniel. I do hope I didn’t interrupt anything important.”

“No, nothing important, just the private time I was having with my friends. Seriously, you have *got* to learn how relationship boundaries work,” Danny snarked.

“My *sincerest* apologies,” Vlad drawled, obviously not meaning it. “Though, they didn’t have to be excused. I could’ve remained hidden away until you’ve all finished,”

Danny lifted a brow. “Are you kidding? And risk you doing something weird to me? Like groping me through my clothes? No thanks.”

Vlad walked up to Danny with his hands in front of him, palms turned upward. “Oh, don’t be silly, my dear boy. I would *never* do such a thing,” he said, finishing with a mischievous look.

“Uh huh. Just like you would never show up without letting me know first?” Danny asked while poking a finger at Vlad’s chest.

“We agreed on that? I can’t say I recall such a promise,” Vlad said while wrapping an arm around Danny’s lower back and pulling him close.

“What a coincidence. How old are you again? Maybe the amnesia is finally kicking in,” Danny mocked but couldn’t stop a grin from forming as he brought a hand up to tinker with one of the buttons holding Vlad’s cape down.

“Actually, now that you’ve mentioned it, I do seem to be forgetting things as of late,” Vlad said with a sly leer.

“Yeah? Like what?” Danny asked, amused.

“Like the feel of your lips on mine, for example. Care to refresh my memory?”

Danny failed to hold back a laugh, giving into the groan-inducing come-on. “Oh man, that was *so* corny. But, sure, I guess I can try to help.” He pushed himself up to stand on the tip of his shoes, where Vlad then leaned down to close the space between their faces with a sweet kiss.

Danny’s arms wrapped around Vlad’s neck, and he tilted his head, drawing the kiss out as much as he could before his feet started to complain. From their very first kiss, Danny had learned quickly just how short he was compared to the ever-imposing Vlad Masters. A growth spurt couldn’t come soon enough.

He hesitantly ended the kiss, enjoying the tingle on his lips before he flattened his feet, but kept his hands on Vlad to play with the hair at the back of his neck. “Did *that* ring any bells?” he asked with a shy smile.

“Hmm…No, I don’t think it did. How about you try again?” Vlad asked, reaching up to brush his knuckles over Danny’s cheek before cupping the side of his face.

Danny eagerly rested his cheek on Vlad's palm, the material of his glove feeling pleasantly cool against his warm skin. "Sure. But, um, how about we take this to the bed? My feet are gonna kill me if we just stand here."

"You'll hear no complaints from me," Vlad said with an obvious glint in his eye and leaned away. "On another note, what an interesting set of attire you've decided to wear tonight. Although, I can't make out whether you're admiring or mocking me."

"Huh?" Danny, bemused, looked down at himself…and at the vampire costume he had forgotten he was wearing.

The outfit wasn't too fancy. It had just enough flair to get the point across. A white, long-sleeved button up shirt with ruffles at the cuffs and a maroon-colored vest thrown over it, followed by a pair of black slacks and his already owned pair of dress shoes. The final and most noticeable detail being a collared cape—black on the outside, red on the inside.

He let out an embarrassed chuckle, blushing. "Oh. Uh, yeah, I wanted to be an astronaut, but that one was a bit too pricey for me."

"You should've told me. I would've gladly purchased it for you."

"Oh, well…Actually, nah, it's fine. I wouldn't want my family or friends wondering how I'm able to afford stuff with the little lunch money I get. And it wouldn't have been as scary anyway."

"Hmm, fair enough." Vlad let go of his hold and narrowed his stare down to Danny's lips. His face became stern, as if musing.

Danny fidgeted under his intense gaze. "What? I wasn't trying to mock you if that's what you're thinking. It's just a random costume that I—"

"That sound you've been making while you speak," Vlad interrupted, bringing a hand to Danny's upper lip and pushing the bit of flesh aside with his thumb, "And are those… *fangs* ?"

Danny realized Vlad was referring to the fake set of teeth Sam had gifted him to complete his vampiric look, and the consequential lisp that came with them when in use. He pushed Vlad's hand away. "Yeah. They're *fake* teeth, though."

"Is that right?"

"Duh. Not every ghost has the freaky ability to conjure up sharp canines like *you* , Vlad."

"I see…I'm growing fond of them already. You sound like a child learning how to speak. How endearing."

Danny rolled his eyes at Vlad's smile but couldn't stop one of his own from pulling at his lips.

"And I must say, as tacky as the clothes may be, they suit you quite well. White looks especially good on you."

"Thanks. But don't think that compliments are enough of an apology for what you did," Danny said playfully as he made his way over to his bed, gathering the granola bars and the few candies he'd been given and storing them in a bag.

"No? Well, my memory may be escaping me, but I believe I can call to mind a way that might make you forgive me…"

"Oh yeah? Then maybe your memory isn't so bad after all, old man," Danny taunted and stowed the bag underneath his bed. He moved to take his shoes off but only had time to sit on the edge of the mattress before Vlad was already there sitting next to him, the outside of their thighs pressing against each other's swiftly grabbing his attention.

"I'm not *that* old, am I?" Vlad asked in a low voice as he turned Danny's head with a gentle grip of his chin, crimson eyes gazing into his own.

"I mean, you are to me…" Danny murmured while he glanced at Vlad's beard, inhaling deeply and quietly through his nose. Even in Vlad's spectral

form could he gather his nostalgic-smelling cologne. It had become *very* familiar to him, thanks to their recurring meetups.

Though despite their frequent rendezvous, Danny still didn't personally know Vlad all that well. They'd met not too long ago, and only the surface level had been scratched. He knew he was a pompous billionaire, and that his moral compass might be a little on the fritz. But at least, and most importantly, he knew Vlad was a half-ghost just like *him.* And Vlad knew he was one too. Vlad understood him in a way no one else possibly could. Danny couldn't believe his luck that he'd actually found someone that didn't make him feel like a freak or an outcast. Someone that he didn't fear would strap him down to a table with a scalpel in hand, ready to play "Operation" with his organs.

And not only that, but Vlad also seemed to really like him. *Like* like him. *Him*— scrawny, lame, my-voice-hasn't-even-dropped-yet *Danny Fenton.* The same Danny Fenton that couldn't get a geeky girl to look twice at him. Or even look at him *at all* .

Yet there he was, being chased after and showered with affection by *him*— fancy, smart, sculpted-by-the-Greek-gods *Vlad Masters.*

Danny looked back up to meet Vlad's stare. "But I think I'm okay with that."

Vlad mirrored his fond expression. He tilted Danny's head slightly upwards, leaned forward, and kissed him soundly.

Danny all but melted into the kiss, the warmth that had gathered within him earlier igniting into a full-blown carnal fire. His eyes fluttered shut, and he moaned quietly against Vlad's lips, sending a univocal message to deepen their connection. Vlad quickly responded and delved his tongue in, idly sliding the wet muscle across his own, causing a more intense heat to pool at the pit of his stomach. Absentmindedly, he noticed Vlad's hand had left his face and was now trailing up his thigh, getting closer and closer to his—

"Ow," Danny exclaimed as he recoiled back sharply and shot a hand up to his mouth. His wide eyes impersonated Vlad's own.

“What is it?”

The unappealing taste of iron spread across Danny’s tongue. He swallowed it down with a grimace. “It’s *you* , fruit loop. I almost sliced my tongue in half.”

Vlad gave him a look of realization. “Ah…”

“Geez, do you sharpen those things daily? And why’re you still in your ghost form anyway? Actually, now that I think about it, how did you even get in here? My dad put up a ghost shield around the house. Ghosts can get out, but they can’t come *in* . It should’ve stopped you…”

He was *really* glad it didn’t, though.

Vlad scoffed. “ *Please* , that ghost ‘shield’ couldn’t stop a ghost fly from buzzing its way inside even if it had the physical capabilities to try. Actually, I had the pleasure of encountering your idiot—I mean,” He cleared his throat. “your *brilliant* father on my way over here.”

“Really? Oh, right. My parents have been out ghost hunting all day today. Did they give you any trouble?”

“Your father? Hardly. He tangled himself up with the line of some fishing rod contraption. Your *mother* however…”

“Oof. Yeah, she’s a pretty good shot, huh?” Danny asked with a wince.

“Indeed. She’s got quite the aim, that one.” Vlad sighed longingly. “As expected of such a talented soul.”

Danny gave him a strange look. “Um, yeah…At least you’re okay. Anyway, are you gonna stay like that or what? Wait, I know what you were gonna do…”

Vlad lifted a brow, looking puzzled.

“You were planning on sucking my blood, huh?” Danny accused and pouted.

Vlad scowled and stood up. “I beg your pardon? Don’t be ridiculous, Daniel. Just because I’ve adopted the appearance of a vampire, it doesn’t mean I *am* one. I’d expect you’d know that by now.”

Danny chortled and waved a hand in dismissal. “Woah, relax! I’m just kidding! I know you’re not a *real* vampire. Real vampires can’t show up to places uninvited, right?” he joked, pointing a finger gun at him.

Vlad stared at him deadpanned, obviously unamused by his poor attempt at humor.

Danny nervously let out another short laugh. “I’m *joking* . Sheesh…But seriously though, I locked my door. No one’s coming in unless I let them, so you don’t need to use your ghost powers for…y’know…” he trailed off with a coy smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

Vlad stared at him for a moment longer. “I was thinking, is your sister currently home?”

“Uh, yeah?” Danny answered slowly, confused by the question. “She’s downstairs in the kitchen reading some book. But did you not just hear me? My door is—”

“I heard you.” Vlad’s thinned lips curled into a wicked smile. “Don’t you think Jasmine will as well?”

“Huh? What’re you talking about?” Danny asked, even more confused.

“She’s quite perceptive of things, isn’t she?”

“Mhm.”

“She *could* go to her bedroom at any given time.”

“I guess.”

“And I do believe her room is just across yours.”

“Yeah.”

“What’s more, these walls don’t seem very… *soundproof* .”

“…Oh.”

Danny was sure his flushed face was redder than the inside of his cape now.

Vlad’s grin got even wider.

“I’m sure your sister would be stricken if she were to overhear her dear underage brother passionately crying out the name of her father’s old frien __”

“Okay, okay! I get it!” Danny blurted out as he shot up from his seat and waved his hands in front himself. His face was impossibly hot now.

Was he really *that* loud?

Vlad gave him an impish look, and Danny was *this* close to wiping that smirk right off his face with an ecto blast.

But he made a strong point. Jazz was the textbook definition of nosy, annoying big sister. And Danny did *not* need her to know he was banging their *dad’s* freakin’ forty-something-year-old college buddy. *In his own room.*

“Okay, so…if we can’t… *here* , then, um, what do we do?” Danny winced, cringing at how much he stammered and at how desperate he sounded. He blamed *that* on his stupid teenage hormones.

“Hmm, perhaps we still can. I have an idea of how to silence that pretty little mouth of yours,” Vlad said suggestively and lifted a hand up. A faint pink glow surrounded it.

Danny stared warily at his glove, scrutinizing the magenta-colored energy coming from his palm until realization hit. An uneasy feeling overwhelmed him. He frowned. “Oh, ew, no way! I am *not* into *that* kind of stuff, you weirdo.”

Vlad tsked once and dropped his hand, looking down and to the side. “I thought as such. It was worth a try,” he said quietly, as if talking to himself.

Danny narrowed his stare until he was squinting at him. Sometimes he wondered what exactly went on in Vlad’s head…Okay, *a lot* of times he wondered what exactly went on in Vlad’s head.

“Then may I suggest a spontaneous visit to my manor?” Vlad asked, voice back to its normal volume.

Danny’s eyes widened. “Woah, seriously?” he asked, positively beaming and radiating excitement. And epically failing to hide his eagerness.

Stupid. Teenage. Hormones.

“It’s the only other solution I can propose if we’d like to continue what we’ve started,” Vlad said.

“Erm, yeah…” Danny agreed as he shifted in place. *Another* trip to Vlad’s fancy mansion? With the suggestion of *other* things happening? He didn’t need to be asked twice. And he was *totally* ready to leave, like, yesterday.

“Though I suppose Jasmine would grow suspicious if she were to knock on your door and not receive a reply—”

“No, she won’t,” Danny answered quickly. “I-I mean—she knows not to bother me when my door is locked.”

Vlad crossed his arms, appearing skeptical and intrigued. “How can you be so sure?”

“Okay, so, I don’t know what’s gotten into her, but lately she’s been given me a lot of personal space. I noticed it started happening after I beat up some wacky ghost that was trying to give us therapy sessions at our school.”

“So, she’s been leaving you alone, is it?”

“Mhm. And weirder still, whenever I have to go ghost, and if she’s in the same room I am, she’ll leave before I can even come up with an excuse so I can go hide and transform. She’s never acted like that before.”

Vlad hummed and put a hand up to his chin, thinking. “How peculiar. Could she perhaps be secretly aware of your ghost half?”

“Pshh, no way. Jazz isn’t *that* perceptive. Besides, it took her forever to even accept that ghosts are real. She’d never believe *I’m* one of them. And I’m always super careful when I change, so there’s no way she’d be able to know anyway.”

“Hm, this certainly makes for a mysterious case.”

“Yeah, but I’m not complaining. Like I said, she hasn’t been bothering me nearly as much as before, so…” Danny trailed off with a bashful half-smile, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Well then, if you’re that confident, I suppose there’s nothing to worry about.” Vlad smiled back and gestured an arm towards the window. “Shall we?”

Butterflies fluttered in Danny’s stomach. He nodded once and glanced at his door, then at the doorknob, and then finally transformed into his ghost half.

“No silly battle cry this time?” Vlad teased.

“Shaddup,” Danny answered with a smirk. He turned intangible and sprinted towards his window. “Last one there’s a snooty fruit loop!”

Author's Note:

> Next chapter is gonna get real raunchy. Remember, folks...Vlad Masters is not a good man. And I like him that way.